

One Halfpenny.

Correspondence between "Shy Lady" and "Silent Worshipper," from the "agony" column of the "Morning Post." An account of the scene yesterday at their meeting-place, King's Cross, appears elsewhere.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

Mirror within a few days.

WAS STOESSEL A HERO?

Controversy Raging Over the
Surrender of Port
Arthur.

EXPERTS DIFFER.

General Has Left Nagasaki and Will
Shortly Face a Court-martial.

General Stoessel sailed from Nagasaki for Europe yesterday. With him were Mme. Stoessel and four Russian generals with their wives.

He has before him an ordeal greater perhaps than the long-protracted defence of Port Arthur.

His arrival at St. Petersburg will be quickly followed by a court-martial, at which he will be called upon to justify, before military experts, his surrender of Port Arthur.

The *Daily Mirror* yesterday asked Dr. Miller Maguire, the well-known military coach, and Lieutenant-Colonel F. N. Maude, late R.E., to reply to the question: "Ought General Stoessel to have surrendered?" What they have said is given below.

SURRENDER UNNECESSARY.

Strongly-worded Opinion of Dr. Miller
Maguire, the Famous Army Coach.

"Port Arthur ought not to have been surrendered." That is the most emphatic opinion of Dr. Miller Maguire, the famous Army coach, given yesterday to the *Daily Mirror*.

"Unless there are peculiar circumstances," he went on, "there is one rule of war about which there can be no possible mistake. It is this: A fortified place should not be surrendered till the very last moment.

"Hang on till you have to eat your boots," said a very famous general once, and a very good rule it is.

"The peculiar circumstances are present when the defenders are being killed without being able to retaliate on the attackers.

"If you can prove to me that when Metre Hill was taken by the Japs the Russians were being killed off without being able to damage their enemies, then I say the surrender was justifiable. But I do not think you can.

"There is very little doubt that in this particular case the surrender was altogether an unjustifiable tactical move—always supposing, of course, that the accounts we have had are correct.

"No," repeated Dr. Maguire, "it ought not to have been given up—it could apparently have held on for weeks at least, and, as I say, every day is of value.

"While the place held over thousands of Japanese were tied by the leg—thousands who were badly wanted elsewhere.

"Now it has fallen they are free to join in the general advance.

PERFECTLY JUSTIFIABLE.

Lieutenant-Colonel Maude Says History Will
Do Justice to Stoessel.

Theoretically, writes Lieutenant-Colonel Maude, nothing justifies surrender, and when a man has placed on record his determination to fight to the last man and last cartridge, it is not easy to excuse a "climb-down," particularly when it appears that neither men nor cartridges were entirely lacking.

In practice, however, there is a wide gap between making a determination and inducing others to conform to it. There came a time in every battle, and still more in every siege, when the power of enforcing obedience to orders vanishes.

The actual reports and the General's own eyes tell him that with the handful of brave men left endurance has reached its limits, and he may well consider himself justified in placing a term to their martyrdom when it is clear to him that the end within a few days is absolutely inevitable, as it was in Port Arthur.

To my mind, Stoessel's performance speaks for itself, and history will in due course do justice to both him and the real backbone of his defenders. In any case, criticism of surrender, after the many "regrettable incidents" of South Africa, does not come well from our lips.

GALES AND WRECKS.

Terrible Experience of a Crew off the
Isle of Man.

SOLWAY MOSS FIRED.

The full extent of the havoc wrought by the recent gale is now being estimated.

The fishing-boat *Evangeline* has been wrecked at Stronsay, and the crew, nine in all, have perished.

In Ramsey Bay, Isle of Man, the Liverpool tug *Conqueror* went ashore, and the efforts of the life-boatmen to reach her proved unsuccessful.

Six of her crew donned life-belts and jumped overboard. All were washed ashore, but two were lifeless. In all, four lives were lost.

The rocket corps, which was first dispatched, after several unsuccessful attempts got a line on the vessel, but the men seemed powerless to use it. The small boat was soon afterwards dropped over the side, and one of the crew got in. Before the rest of the hands could get aboard, however, the rope broke, and the boat was washed ashore with her single occupant.

The lifeboat was launched later, but owing to the heavy seas she was unable to get anywhere near the tug.

The Isle of Man has been isolated since Sunday, and has experienced a storm which surpassed in violence anything that has occurred during the past half century.

Two feet of snow fell in an hour, the telegraph and railway communication was disorganised, and the town of Douglas left in darkness.

Among other wrecks reported are those of the *Buchgove*, in Glass Drummond Bay, Co. Down, Ireland; a Dutch vessel off Orfordness, Suffolk; and the trawler *Witham* at Hornsea, on the Yorkshire coast.

Fishing has been at a standstill, and fish is being sold at famine prices.

The crews of the fish-carriers at Billingsgate state that the weather experienced at sea during the past few days has hardly a parallel in recent

ILLNESS OF LORD KINROSS.



Lord Kinross, Lord President of the Court of Session, who is now lying seriously ill suffering from nervous breakdown.—(Jacolette.)

years. The captain of the *Onward* said he had not seen anything like such a spell of foul weather for thirty-three years, although, of course, he had experienced gales quite as bad on occasions.

At times the sails of the fleet were sheets of ice, having been wetted by flying spray and then frozen. The decks were ice-covered, while the winches and anchors were frozen fast.

At ten o'clock yesterday morning the temperature in London was exactly twenty degrees higher than at the same time on the previous day.

SANDSTORMS AND GRASS FIRES.

Some curious phenomena have made their appearance in Scotland as a result of the gale. A blinding sandstorm visited Troon, large quantities of sand being lifted bodily from the beach by the wind and hurled on the town.

The moss of Solway was burning furiously last night, and many grouse moors near Carlisle have suffered.

The grass was quite dry, and sparks from passing engines ignited it all along the embankments, the glowing embers being fanned into flames by the wind.

EXPRESS TRAIN'S ADVENTURE.

During the height of the blinding snowstorm on Monday in North Wales the Holyhead boat-express ran into a mass of broken-down telegraph wires at Aber, and was brought to a standstill.

When the obstruction had been removed, it was found that the engine would not work. With the assistance of two other locomotives, the train finally reached Chester four and a half hours late.

"SHY LADIES" BY THE SCORE.

Anxious Aspirants Crowd the
Rendezvous at King's Cross
Railway Station.

"SILENT WORSHIPPERS."

The touching love story that has been running in serial form through the agony columns of the "Morning Post" reached a most affecting climax yesterday.

"Silent Worshipper" and "Sweet Lady" met on the platform of King's Cross Station.

"Shy Lady" and "Sweet Worshipper" were privileged for the first time to exchange words of love with the spoken voice, as distinct from agony advertisements, under the roof of the great terminus.

The agony correspondence is given at length on page 1. From it will be gathered how they have sighed and longed for one another. At last a meeting was arranged. "A red-haired man at King's Cross" was to supply the rendezvous at 4 p.m. sharp.

SCORES OF SILENT WORSHIPPERS.

The rendezvous was thronged with hundreds of people eager to witness the momentous meeting, and Silent Worshipper and Sweet Lady were engulfed in the throng. There were scores of possible "silent worshippers" and scores of possible "sweet ladies."

The bolder of the possible "silent worshippers" whispered inquiries in the ears of the possible "sweet ladies," and so the actual meeting was buried in a mass of possibly romantic encounters. The too eager inquirers had defeated their own object.

One thing was certain. There was no doubt that a red-haired boy at the bookstall on the main line platform formed the rendezvous.

By a romantic correspondent claims to have identified both the lovers. He says—

Ten minutes before the clock fingers pointed to the hour a smart, well-set-up man, towering six feet, appeared on the scene and loitered over the bookstall.

WEARING AN OPAL PIN.

He wore a closely-fitting overcoat and bowler hat. His cravat was the most pronounced part of his attire, and in the centre of its folds was deftly embedded a large opal pin the size of a hazel-nut.

At three minutes to four a lady in a brilliant red costume drove up to the station in a hansom and hurried along the platform.

She stopped at the bookstall to speak to the red-headed newsboy, and then glanced at the station clock. It was exactly four o'clock.

The "Silent Worshipper" stood three feet distant watching her every movement. She, shy and conscious of his presence, and alarmed at the quickly-gathering crowd of curious observers, bent her head, and pretended to read the covers of the magazines.

The moment had come for mutual recognition, but, alas, the lady gave no encouragement to "Silent Worshipper" to speak. He waited for the tilt of the dainty face, the glance of the eye.

It never came, and he moved slowly away as if some huge blunder had occurred.

MISS "MIRROR'S" ADVENTURE.

Did "Silent Worshipper" reveal himself to "Miss Mirror"? Read the following, and draw your own conclusions. "Miss Mirror" says:—

Miss *Mirror* was there, too, yesterday afternoon, full of sympathetic excitement and wishing that she had have some hand in bringing these shy, but faithful, lovers together.

She had an adventure—one that thrilled her through and through. She had strolled right down to the further end of the platform at King's Cross, wandering and hoping the lovers would recognise each other.

She turned and saw a tall, good-looking man coming towards her, with the expression on his face of a shy man, who has at last worked himself up to take a step requiring some courage and not a little nerve.

He came close, stopped short, peered anxiously, longingly into the lady's face, and in pleading accents said: "Are you Miss—?" Unfortunately the name was lost by the force of his emotion.

Miss *Mirror's* heart beat fast. Surely she had reached the heart of the romance! Surely it must be "Silent Worshipper" who was speaking to her, but alas! she was not "Shy Lady."

Sadly she murmured a few words, loath to distress the ardent lover, who at last thought he had gained his goal, and that his highest hopes were about to be realised.

The man saw his mistake, guessed his disappointment, and ere she could utter a word of the consolation she longed to he had fled and disappeared from view.

All that now remains for sympathisers to do is to possess their souls in patience and watch the marriage announcements in the papers.

GREAT GERMAN COAL STRIKE.

Westphalian Miners Helping to Raise
British Prices.

BOOM IN ENGLAND.

Germany's great coal strike is spreading. Of the morning shifts in the mines at Essen yesterday 122,613 men were on strike, as compared with 83,338 on Monday.

The movement, says Reuter, now affects 187 pits.

The head of one of the greatest coal firms in Mark-lane told a *Mirror* representative yesterday that the effect is naturally favourable to prices here.

"This strike having been anticipated in Germany," he said, "supplies have been laid in that will probably last a week or ten days. Here in England and Wales prices would be affected more by the strike if the spells of cold weather had been longer.

"Still, we merchants mustn't complain. 'Best coal' that was being sold at 23s. a ton last October has risen to 25s., while in the north steam coal has gone up from 8s. 3d. to 9s. 3d., the price at the pit mouth representing a rise of about sixpence a ton.

"That is what the German strikers are doing for us. Prices will go up day by day while the strike lasts, and the retailer will seize the opportunity to raise the prices against the consumer. Whether he will succeed is another matter, owing to the large stores of coal laid up through the relatively mild weather here."

English people know little of the origin of this, Germany's greatest strike.

It is a movement in favour of obtaining a nine-hour, and eventually, a ten-hour, day, in place of the eight-hour day which is obtaining at present.

It is a case of the State against the workmen, and great bodies of troops are under arms.

Germany can hope for little or nothing from Rotterdam, whose once great vogue as a coal port has been ruined by the duty on coal.

BOOM ON TYNESIDE.

The Westphalian coal strike has created a boom in the Tyneside coal trade, telegraphs our Newcastle correspondent. Quotations have risen for best steam coal from 7s. 3d. on Saturday to 10s. 6d. to-day. Durham bunkers are 10s., compared with 8s. 6d., and Northumbrians similarly up. Freight to Rotterdam have risen from 3s. 6d. to 5s., and to Hamburg from 4s. to 5s. Coasting freights to London have risen from 3s. 3d. to 5s.

M. COMBES RESIGNS.

Spying System Wrecks the Strongest French
Cabinet of Modern Days.

The members of the French Cabinet yesterday signed their resignation, which will to-day be handed by M. Combes, the Premier, to M. Loubet, on his return to Paris from attending the funeral of his mother.

The resignation of M. Combes and his colleagues is the necessary consequence of the smallness of a majority which affirmed the approval of the Government's programme by the house.

The majority only amounted to ten in a house of 598.

The opposition to the Government is chiefly centred against the methods of spying, initiated during its régime. At the conclusion of the debate one member of the Opposition gravely presented M. Combes with a casserole (saucapane). Casserole is a slang term for a mouchard or spy.

M. Combes, who is now seventy years of age, has marked his term of office by a relentless campaign upon the Clerical Party.

MM. Ribot, Rouvier, and Brisson are mentioned among others as likely to succeed him.

The meetings of the Chamber have been suspended until the formation of a new Cabinet takes place.

ALIEN'S STRANGE STORY.

Five strangers from Persia, not one of whom can speak a word of English, were found by the police wandering about the streets of Glasgow, bound, they said, for Iceland.

It is believed that the men, who are entirely destitute, belong to a community of Christian Syrians who live near Lake Urumia, in Persia.

KING SHOTS PHEASANTS.

The King, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, had a day's shooting at Castle Rising yesterday, when a good bag of pheasants and rabbits was secured.

Sir Frederic Treves and Sir Francis Laking arrived at Sandringham last evening.

The condition of the Bishop of Llandaff is very grave, a change for the worse having taken place yesterday. His lordship is in his 84th year.

DAY OF NEVER- CEASING PRAYER.

General Booth's Stirring Manifesto
to His British Army.

100,000 SALVATIONISTS.

For a round of the clock to-morrow—between ten and ten—soldiers of the Salvation Army all over the kingdom will pray without ceasing. The army has had many days of prayer, but never one on such a colossal scale as this.

In London the house of prayer will be Exeter Hall, where General Booth will lead the devotions, interspersing a few stirring words at intervals.

It will be a picturesque and stirring spectacle of earnest Christian men and women, attired in the honoured uniform of the army, seeking what the General calls a "mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost," in the manner peculiar to themselves.

General Booth signals the occasion by issuing what might be called a devotional manifesto.

In this message the veteran campaigner says:—"God is answering prayer, and the signs and wonders that continue to be wrought in various parts of the country are creating lively expectations and encouraging earnest efforts for far greater things."

No Will o' the Wisp.

If then administers a word of caution against "will o' the wisp kind of excitement."

"We don't want anything spurious—make-believe—superficial. I want to see a genuine Visitation, call it a revival if you choose. A Visitation that will help men to get right with God for this world and the next, and I want it on a large scale."

"It is because I believe there are many signs that point to the beginnings of such an awakening that Thursday has been fixed upon as a day of special prayer for officers and soldiers and friends of the army, throughout England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales."

He calculates that at the lowest estimate 100,000 Salvationists, with their General and officers, will to-morrow be "besieging the Throne of God."

The General's three main directions to his followers are (1) Desire God, (2) humble yourselves, (3) confess your sins and shortcomings.

As examples of genuine prayer he cites Jacob in his tent, Moses on Mount Sinai, Elijah on Mount Carmel, Christ in Gethsemane; and concludes with the injunction with reference to the Exeter Hall gathering:—

"Remember Holy Thursday, January 19, 1905. By God's mercy I shall join you there."

ISLINGTON MARQUEE.

In addition to the corrugated iron building at Brixton, which will accommodate 6,000 people, another great Torrey-Alexander marquee is to be built for North London, probably on an open space in Upper-street, Islington.

This will enable the evangelists to deal with the north, south, and west of London simultaneously. It is thought that East Enders must be asked to consider the Islington marquee as meant for them.

Three leading members of the Stock Exchange have joined the mission executive, and by their instrumentality the stockbrokers will be kept constantly apprised of the revival doings.

£5,000 WANTED.

Naturally, an undertaking of such magnitude costs money. It is regretted that the fund has been marking time since its first spurt. In one week £26,000 was contributed. In the next week £200. Another £5,000 is needed to make up the estimated £17,000, including £4,000 expected from the collection-plates.

The council are hoping that the Christian public of London includes five wealthy persons who can furnish £1,000 each in a cause which, it is claimed, will work great material good.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander are resolved not to leave London one penny richer than when they entered it.

Speaking to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, Mr. Putterill said: "Dr. Torrey never stipulated for a halfpenny. He is the straightest man I ever met in Evangelistic work. I would write my name across his back for that."

"We offered him an honorarium to cover his expenses—nothing more. He accepted it with a quiet 'Thank you.' That is the sort of man he is."

BISHOPS JOIN THE REVIVAL.

Three metropolitan bishops—London, Kensington, and Rochester—have thrown in their lot with the Torrey-Alexander mission. Their spiritual lordships may not appear on the platform at the Albert Hall meetings, but they have by word and letter signified their entire sympathy with the coming revival, admitting the need of it, and the ripeness of the time for a religious awakening.

COAL AT GIBRALTAR.

Admiralty Say There Is No Reason
for Alarm.

When England was on the brink of war with Russia over the Baltic affair, was Gibraltar unable to supply the Mediterranean Fleet with coal?

Captain Berryman, of the steamer London Bridge, believes that it was, because his ship was held up in the Straits and made to unload.

"The stock must have been low," he has stated, "for mine was not the only boat that was stopped. Ten others at least there were within the two days only—all English, of course."

Perhaps, after all, Captain Berryman's fears were ill-founded, for, discussing the matter at the Admiralty, yesterday, the *Daily Mirror* was informed by an official that there was no justification for any alarm.

"We keep a large stock of coal at Gibraltar, but it is not a coal-mine, and the consumption of coal is necessarily large there," he said.

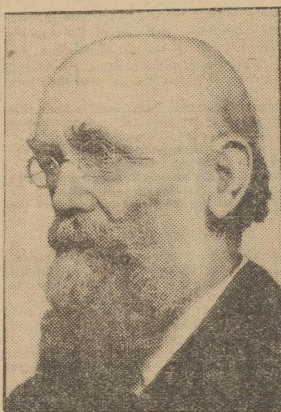
"A tremendous quantity of coal was required at a particular moment, and the commonsense thing was done."

"If a man did not take similar action in such an emergency he would be an idiot."

At such a juncture it was hardly likely that coal-laden vessels would be allowed to run the risk of falling into hostile hands, and obviously the authorities at Gibraltar in detaining the London Bridge, acted in their wise discretion.

The "Rock" is always well-provided with coal, but in view of the crisis which was then threatened, the authorities took the precaution to seize an opportunity which would recommend itself to all prudent leaders.

DR. CLIFFORD,



Who has transferred all his possessions to his wife to avoid distraint under the Education Act. He is determined to go to prison rather than pay the rate. (Beresford.)

ROYAL RECORD LOST.

Officials Search in Vain for Queen Victoria's
Baptismal Certificate.

Where is Queen Victoria's baptismal certificate?

This is the question which harassed officials are anxiously asking, after having ransacked in vain a mighty mass of State papers, archives, and registers.

Not only have the seekers failed to find any document whatsoever relating to the late Queen's baptism, but so far they have been unable to discover any reference to the ceremony in the Court intelligence of the newspapers of the period.

Never since the Norman Conquest has there been missing the official record of a Sovereign's baptism, and what makes this unprecedented state of affairs still more peculiar is the fact that no proper record can be found of Queen Victoria's birth.

This omission, however, is to some extent compensated for by the fact that the late Queen's birth was duly announced in the newspapers, which stated that, in accordance with the requirements of the law, a Cabinet Minister was present.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S BEREAVEMENT.

The funeral of Mrs. Whitmore Richards, Mr. Chamberlain's daughter, takes place to-day at Adelboden, Switzerland, where she died.

Miss Hilda Chamberlain and Mr. Whitmore Richards will attend the funeral.

Mr. Chamberlain will remain at Highbury, and will keep his engagement to speak at Gainsborough on February 1.

MOVING MOUNTAINS.

Millions of Tons Sliding Down on
Reservoir Works in Wales.

DISASTER THREATENED.

Tales of moving mountains—millions of tons of earth sliding in a diagonal direction—and a reservoir, which, if completed, might burst at any time, and spell death to the inhabitants of peaceful Welsh valleys, held a meeting of Abertillery (Mon.) ratepayers in a state of great suspense.

Relief from obligations under local water bills are being sought in Parliament by the Abertillery Urban Council, who have power to use the waters of a neighbouring watershed. A reservoir to hold 40,000,000 gallons was projected at Cwmillery to compensate colliery proprietors and riparian owners.

Colliery workings had gone on, explained the council's engineer, round the site of the reservoir, and a general subsidence was taking place. Two mountains behind the works were sliding downwards in consequence, and on to the works.

In whatever way a reservoir was built it would be crumpled up by the enormous pressure, for millions of tons were on the move in a diagonal direction.

Slide Most Pronounced.

In the past two years the slide had declared itself in a very pronounced fashion. It was crumpling not only the by-wash of the reservoir but also the embankment itself, and the pipe placed to take the water out had been torn from its socket by the great forces at work.

It would be madness, continued the engineer, to fill the reservoir over half its capacity. Should a sudden flood fill it—say, at night, when the watchman was asleep—the whole embankment might go, and he did not like to think what would become of the inhabitants of the narrow valleys below.

The supply of the watershed is insufficient for local needs, and whilst the council are seeking relief from having to provide the compensation waters and the work of building a second reservoir on such an insecure site, alternative schemes of supply from the Ebbw Vale Council's reservoir, in Breconshire, are before the Abertillery authority's mind.

Abertillery is sixteen miles north-west of Newport, and has a population of about 10,000. Its inhabitants are chiefly dependent on the collieries and tinplate works for their means of livelihood.

LONDON'S WORKLESS.

Sum of £43,000 Collected on Their Behalf
and Employment Found for 772.

Out of some 10,000 applicants the central committee of the unemployed had up to yesterday found work for 772.

They have been distributed as follows:—200 to Hadleigh, 130 in the County Council parks, twenty at Garden City, 400 at Long Grove, and twenty-two at the City markets.

It is fifty-three days since the committee started work, and its fund now amounts to £43,000. Great difficulty is experienced in finding openings for work.

To-day fifty men will commence to make a new path and avenue in the Green Park, from the Queen Victoria Memorial to Piccadilly.

Later on the proposed Fels colony will find work for a considerable number of men on its 3,000 acres.

Sweden suppresses tuberculosis and Norway assists the unemployed by the sale of farthing stamps, which kind-hearted people affix to letters and postcards—in the left-hand corner—in addition to the ordinary stamps. The post office authorities, of course, obliterate these in the usual way.

EDMONTON'S POOR NEED HELP.

Voicing Edmonton's claims for public sympathy in its distress the relief committee of the urban council ask the *Daily Mirror* to state that hundreds of homes are denuded of everything saleable or pawnable, and little children have been seen actually devouring refuse picked up from the streets.

Out of 12,000 adult males, 3,000 men are to-day out of work. Money, clothes, and food will be thankfully received at the Edmonton Town Hall.

HOW THE POOR ARE FED.

"Bread like clods of clay, and meat practically all fat," was the description given of the food the chairman of the Preston Guardians said he saw the paupers eating when he visited the Ribchester workhouse.

The guardians only paid 4d. per pound for the meat, and said the chairman, he thought poor people ought to be provided with better-class food.

Another guardian said the meat was "sickening to look upon."

PHANTOM VOICE.

Spirit Tells a Persistent Story of an
Undiscovered Crime.

A weirdly persistent phantom voice telling of a tale of murder undiscovered is the latest development in "spooks."

This is the simple yet stirring story of the "apparition" which frequents the headquarters of a motoring business in Featherstone-buildings, Holborn.

Here there are several persons who for a long time have been accustomed to experiment with "table-rapping"; but lately, whenever they have attempted to communicate with a departed spirit, the answer has invariably come from the same source.

"It is most uncanny," said Mr. William Brown yesterday. "The table always raps out the assertion that an old man was murdered here by his 'sweetheart' twenty-nine years ago."

"The spirit-voice adds that the victim is buried under the cellar of the house, four feet from the surface."

"He says that at the time of his murder he was carrying on his person certain valuable papers which would establish his identity. He says that he was a very wicked old man, and I think he must have been."

What will the Psychical Research Society do, and Mr. W. T. Stead, to whom the subject ought to appeal seriously?

Like the Tower of London, Featherstone-buildings are "nice and gloomy" already, so it will be interesting to await developments, if any.

The few friends who are addicted to "table-turning" are on the look-out for a first-class medium to mend or end this persistent old man of 1876.

MEDIUM THAT FAILED.

Lady's Gift of Automatic Writing Disappoints
Psychical Researchers.

With charming frankness the Society for Psychical Research places on record in the current issue of its "Journal" one of its own failures.

Fourteen years ago, it appears, Mr. Frederick Myers presented a sealed envelope to Sir Oliver Lodge, in the hope that after his death he might be able to communicate all its contents through some mediumistic agency.

Sir Oliver Lodge placed this envelope in a bank and awaited events. Not long after Mr. Myers' death, a lady, whose name appears on the council of the society, developed the gift of automatic writing, and in the course of her experiments she received what she held to be communications from the late Frederick Myers.

At last she obtained what purported to be a definite statement of the contents of the envelope, and communicated this fact to Sir Oliver Lodge, who procured the sealed envelope.

To the intense disappointment of everybody, however, on the envelope being opened it was found that there was no resemblance between its actual contents, and what was alleged by the script to be contained in it.

FISH AT FAMINE PRICES.

Billingsgate Salesmen Post the "Daily
Mirror" Pictures of the Frozen Sea.

Fish is remarkably scarce in London, owing to the gales, severe weather, and abnormal tides.

Prices already phenomenally high were higher still at Billingsgate yesterday. Here are a few figures:—

Best Plaice, 9s. per stone.
Sole, 2s. 2d. per lb.
Turbot, 1s. 8d. per lb.
Smelts, 4s. per basket.
Haddock, 2s. and 2s. 6d. per "trunk."

The normal price of haddocks at Billingsgate is from 5s. to 10s. per "trunk."

"Nothing here; do not expect anything."

This was the message wired yesterday to Billingsgate from Grimsby, Hull, Yarmouth, and other fishing centres.

The *Daily Mirror's* pictures of the frozen sea at Southend were posted on shops and stores of Billingsgate salesmen yesterday. They were an effectual answer to customers who clamoured for whitebait, which mostly comes from the Southend-on-Sea and Leigh fisheries.

Thus the *Mirror* saved the situation, although the customers were sent empty away.

ANTI-VIVISECTION NOVEL WANTED.

A prize of £50 has been offered for an anti-vivisection novel by the editor of the "Animals' Guardian."

Although the time for sending in does not expire till July 15, and the book must not contain less than 50,000 words, large numbers of manuscripts have already arrived.

To-day is the last day on which readers of the *Daily Mirror* will be able to obtain the Minerva Piano Player at half the usual price.

THREE TIMES NEARLY BURIED.

Accrington Woman Now Conscious
of Her Remarkable Escape.

PREMATURE BURIALS.

"None of the Common Tests of Death are
Infallible," Says an Authority.

Mrs. Holden, who, as readers of the *Daily Mirror* will remember, was laid out as dead by her husband at Accrington, was so far recovered yesterday as to be able to mutter a heartfelt prayer at her miraculous escape from a living death.

Twice before has Mrs. Holden been laid out for burial—once when she was quite young, and again when she was fifteen. So certain was her husband on this third occasion that his wife was dead, that he actually had drawn her insurance money on a doctor's certificate, and made all arrangements for the funeral on Thursday, before the undertaker discovered that she was only in a cataleptic trance.

ONLY ONE CERTAIN SIGN.

Dr. J. Stenson Hooker, the medical secretary of the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial, tells the *Daily Mirror* that with the present lack of proper registration there is reason to fear that many bodies capable of being revived are certified as dead.

"Doctors often give certificates of death without even inspecting the body."

"But even reform on this point would not be sufficient, since none of the common tests of death are infallible."

"To prevent these hideous mistakes the association urges the establishment of waiting mortuaries, as in Frankfort-on-Maine—warm, comfortable places, where bodies could be placed until decomposition begins. That is the only certain sign of death."

"I know a lady whose case resembles that at Accrington, except that it was far worse. She is alive and well now, but she went through the frightful ordeal of being conscious of the undertaker's visit to measure her body, yet she was powerless to move, or to open an eye."

Dr. Hooker referred to the book by Dr. William Tebb on the subject, and its appalling list of well-authenticated cases.

Exhumations have in many cases proved that the body has moved after interment, and there is a long list of cases where sounds have been heard in the coffin just previous to burial.

The society urges the investigation of trance, and it ensures to all its members who pay an annual subscription of one guinea that absolute proof of death shall be obtained before their burial.

COFFEE-HOUSE GOURMETS.

Customer's Criticism of an Unsuccessful
Restaurateur's Food.

William Morris, who bought the "South Metropolitan Chop-house" from Joseph Reeve, and sought for the rescission of the contract and the recovery of £480, on the ground that he had been misled as to the takings, lost his case in Mr. Justice Phillimore's Court yesterday.

Mr. Courtney Joy, a coffee-house expert, said that when he had the house the only time the takings fell to £37 was when smallpox was about. Customers had been vaccinated, and did not want to eat.

Another witness, a former customer, was asked what he thought of the quality of the food.

"I should not like to say," he answered. "It ought to have been put on a skewer."

Under Mr. Morris's regime, said a third witness, a regular customer got up and said, "I'm going. This is my farewell dinner."

James Callagher, a private in the Irish Guards, was remanded at Marylebone yesterday on a charge of having converted to his own use a cheque for £19 belonging to Lord Methuen.



BEAUTIFUL TRESSES AND UNRIVALLED COMPLEXION

are the sure results of using

UNA HAIR TONIC and SKIN LOTION.

To introduce these delightful toilet accessories, we will send a 1/6 bottle both for 16 post free.

UNA HAIR TONIC is prepared from the finest stimulants known for promoting the growth of the hair. Prevents greyness and baldness. Contains no grease and is non-flammable.

UNA SKIN LOTION is a face beautifier par excellence, and is unrivalled for greasy skin, enlarged pores, wrinkles, etc.

UNA FACE POWDER—Pure, antiseptic and healing. Unrivalled for the nursery. A charming Pocket Puff given with each box. Pink, Cream, White, Post free, is 1d. UNA TOILET CO., 49 St. Portland St., London, W.

OUR "SLAVE" HAPPY.

Guinea Sent Him, Which He Spends
in Helping Others.

We wire guinea for *Mirror* slave to do further good with.—*True Chances*, "Laughterland" Company, Star Theatre, Liverpool.

This generous telegram from kind folk whose hearts our "slave's" first expedition of charity had touched, reached the *Daily Mirror* office at mid-day yesterday.

Our slave was at hand, waiting for an order.

The guinea money order was at once changed into two half-crowns, three two-shilling-pieces, nine shillings, a shilling, and six coppers. Into the pockets of our willing slave the coins were put, and he was sent on his errand of mercy. He came back in a few hours' time, and, with a happy smile, said:—

"I went to the 'New Cut,' because I had seen a lot of misery there. I found a little boy lying in the gutter sobbing. I took him by the hand and told him to take me to his home."

It was in Murphy-street. Just one little room. Here I found his mother and four other little ones, whom she was struggling to support. I left one of my half-crowns in that little room.

"Then I went to a coal shop, and said: 'Do you know of anybody who has not got any fire?' I was directed to the room of a poor old woman who lived some few doors away. She was sitting shivering in her attic, and could hardly believe her luck when I put 2s. into her hand, and said: 'Get a fire with that, mother!'"

"Then I asked for other fireless homes, and soon got rid of my silver coins. Such smiles I earned everywhere!"

"I had my coppers left when I spied a little group of six youngsters trying to get as near as

DEATH OF A MUTINY V.C.



General James Blair, V.C., formerly of the Bombay Light Cavalry, who died in the Indian Mutiny he routed a whole band of mutineers single-handed.—(Elliott and Fry.)

they could to a hot chestnut man's barrow. I slipped into a baker's shop and bought six big buns, and then I watched the buns disappear. It was such a pleasant sight."

Our slave has called on the dairy proprietor, Mr. Colman, of 797, Fulham-road, who has kindly offered to give him a trial. He has arranged to begin his duties as foreman next week.

"BECAUSE I HAD NO KNIFE."

"Because I had no knife," was said to be the excuse given by a foreign sailor for not sooner resenting the brutality of an officer of a British merchantman, whom he subsequently stabbed.

The sailor has been an Englishman, writes Admiral Hay to the "Times," the natural and legitimate use of the fist would have saved our mercantile marine from a disgraceful episode.

But he was not. Why, asks the Admiral, when there are 50,000 foreigners working in British ships, are they not turned out for the benefit of our 70,000 unemployed?

AFFECTIONATE WITNESSES.

During the hearing of a case at Lambeth County Court yesterday a witness for the defendant addressed the plaintiff as "My dear sir."

Judge Emden: My experience is, that affectionate witnesses like you—persons who say "My dear sir," and such like—are very seldom to be relied upon.

An inquest was held at Hampstead yesterday on a man whose death was due to "hurrier's heart," an extraordinary enlargement of the aorta peculiar to blacksmiths and other men whose occupation involves great strain.

"WINKS AT 6s. 8d."

Solicitor Sentenced for Concocoting
a Bill of Costs.

JUDGE AND COUNSEL.

Remarkable Line of Defence Meets with
Severe Criticism.

A scene between the Judge and counsel for the defence, a speech in which Mr. Moyses bitterly attacked the principal witness for the prosecution, and sarcastic rejoinders by Mr. Bodkin in his address to the jury, marked the closing stages in the trial at the Old Bailey of Henry Robert Jones, a Wandsworth solicitor.

Late last evening the jury found him guilty of defrauding the Wandsworth and Clapham Union of £267 8s. 10d., by means of a bill of costs in which most of the items had been concocted. His statement that "A wink will cost them 6s. 8d." was quoted as an example of the spirit in which he made out his list of charges.

The jury recommended Jones to mercy, on account of his age. But for this, Mr. Justice Darling said, he would have sent him to penal servitude. He passed sentence of eighteen months' imprisonment in the second division.

Question of Procedure.

The scene between the Judge and Mr. Moyses arose over a question of procedure. Mr. Bodkin had risen to address the Court on behalf of the prosecution, but the Judge interrupted him with, "What is the meaning of this? Is it not the turn of Mr. Moyses to address the jury for the defence?"

Mr. Moyses replied that it was not his turn, as he had called no witnesses, but the Judge told him he had put in documents.

Mr. Moyses: I do protest strongly that your Lordship should take sides in this case, and not only that, but that you should put me in a difficulty which even the counsel for the prosecution do not require.

His Lordship: It is not for the counsel for the prosecution to say how a case is to be conducted. You put in evidence, Mr. Moyses, and the consequence is that it is your turn to address the jury.

Mr. Justice Darling also warned Mr. Moyses that he must moderate his tone when speaking to him.

As, however, Mr. Bodkin was not prepared to waive his right to address the jury, Mr. Moyses was compelled to proceed. In the course of his speech he alluded to Manby—formerly clerk to Jones—as "an old reprobate by whom nothing human or divine was respected."

Story of Betrayal.

"Never since this planet was poised in space was human being more in need of plenary absolution than Manby," he said. "One lesson Manby learned at the Brighton home was the story of the man who betrayed his master for thirty pieces of silver. Manby was playing Judas Iscariot with a vengeance."

"Never has a wider range of irrelevant topics been introduced into a counsel's speech," was Mr. Bodkin's opening observation in his reply to Mr. Moyses's address. "I have made a list of the subjects touched upon by my learned friend. It is as follows:—

Mr. Adolf Beck's case.
Sketch of Greek mythology.
Duties of a sanitary inspector.
Sir Walter Scott.
Quotations from Shakespeare.
Port Arthur.
Religions of Western civilisation.

ICE-CREAM VENDOR'S £53 IN A DAY.

Seeking to recover, at Lambeth County Court yesterday, £1 8s. 4d. for milk supplied to Pauline Foschella, an ice-cream vendor in summer and a baked-potato dealer in winter, a dairyman stated that the debtor was "going" money.

"It is well known," he said, "that ice-cream is almost all profit. Last August Bank Holiday he took £53 on Peckham Rye. He told me so himself."

An order was made for payment in fourteen days, or, in default, seven days' imprisonment.

MIXED BATHING.

At yesterday's meeting of the Bermondsey Council a suggestion that mixed bathing should be permitted in the Bermondsey baths was the subject of a report by the baths committee, which did not recommend the adoption of the suggestion.

The question of mixed bathing in London swimming-baths will come before the Southwark Council to-night, when an interesting report of the baths committee will be considered.

In the Chancery Division yesterday the claim by Mr. Crosland, the author, to be a creditor for £300 royalties in the bankruptcy of Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher, was refused, it being decided that Mr. Crosland was an unsecured creditor.

MAN OF MANY BUTTONS.

Chinese Mandarin Appears as Plaintiff
in a Chancery Suit.

His Excellency Chang Yen Mao, a mandarin of many buttons, and director-general of mines in two Chinese provinces, appeared as plaintiff in a Chancery suit yesterday in Mr. Justice Joyce's Court.

Chang's suit was against Mr. A. C. Moreing, a member of a London firm of mining engineers. Chang alleges that Mr. Moreing was instrumental in depriving him of the control of a Chinese company formed to develop certain coalfields.

During the Boxer rising Chang had the misfortune to find himself imprisoned by the European Allies—they suspected that he was using his carrier pigeons to take messages to Boxers—and to safeguard his company and its rights while he was in prison he transferred it to a new company of "foreign devils."

He claims to have the mining rights given back to him, but the "foreign devils" say the property was acquired perfectly legitimately and for a proper consideration.

The case was adjourned.

TURNIPS AS LUGGAGE.

Methods by Which Aliens Abuse the
Hospitality of England.

After robberies at several private hotels in West London suspicion fell on William Adolph Morley, an Austrian, who had been a guest at these establishments. His luggage was opened, and a trunk of imposing appearance was found to be full of turnips and potatoes.

Morley pleaded guilty, at Clerkenwell Sessions yesterday, to stealing jewellery valued at £220, and was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. He had already been four times convicted and had undergone four years for stealing £3,000 worth of plate and jewellery in Paddington.

It seemed so probable in the case of six aliens, charged at Marlborough-street yesterday with assault, that the prosecutors were as guilty as the accused that Mr. Denman said, "Perhaps it would be better if all of them on both sides went to gaol."

They had been engaged in a free fight at a notorious gambling-den in Upper Rathbone-place, Oxford-street. "It is really a most monstrous thing," the magistrate remarked, "that there is no power to pack them off to Poland again, and I hope there soon will be power to do so, and it will then, perhaps, be possible to make this district decent."

Ultimately all the parties concerned were bound over to keep the peace.

ENGLAND BEARS THE COST.

Two Germans, Heinrich Melborg and Elmac Schuett, were before the Bow-street magistrates yesterday on charges of embezzlement at Hamburg, whence they absconded, via Liverpool, to America.

It is understood that on arriving at New York the American authorities, knowing that the prisoners were wanted on a warrant in Germany, refused to allow them to land, and they returned to Liverpool in the same boat. Thus, the cost of extradition proceedings devolves upon this country.

SKELETON WITH £6.

Body Lies for Six Months Undiscovered in
a Surrey Shrubbery.

In a shrubbery near Tennyson's-lane, Brackdown, near Haslemere, a horrible discovery has been made.

Quite by chance, when walking down the lane, which is a frequented and favourite spot, a man named Humphreys found the body of a man, reduced almost to a skeleton.

By the side of the body, which is not yet identified, were a silver-handled umbrella and a revolver. A bullet, fired, it would seem, by the dead man's own hand, had pierced the torso.

A gold watch and chain and about £6 in money were found on the body, which investigation showed must have lain at least six months in the shrubbery.



TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 60 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for teething. Sold by all Chemists at 1/12 per bottle.

L.C.C. A GIANT SLOTH?

After Five and a Half Years' Work
Aldwych and Kingsway
Are a Chaos.

APATHY AND MUDDLE.

For five and a half years the London County Council has been struggling with the Strand and Holborn improvement, and Aldwych and Kingsway are still a spectacle of chaos and muddle.

When will the work be finished?

The Council with nonchalance cannot say, but airily predict that if certain, almost impossible, conditions are fulfilled they may get through within six or eight months.

The public, on their part, demand to know for certain, by right of those who pay with money, inconvenience, and the endurance of a deadly eyecore.

A walk round Aldwych and Kingsway afforded striking proof of the spectacle of ineptitude which is becoming a thing past patience to the waiting ratpayers. During the last six months hardly any visible progress has been made.

At the Strand corner extensive works are in progress, but there are few men employed.

About half a dozen were excavating, and a few bricklayers were "at work." There were about as many others whose apparent business it was to do nothing, unless perhaps to look after a couple of horses.

Kean-street, a turning out of Kingsway, was a mere morass. Two men were trying hard to sweep up the mud, their efforts reminiscent of Mrs. Partington and the ocean.

In Sardinia-street and adjacent streets many empty houses await demolition, yet apparently nothing is being done. One house is halfway down, but it remains as a monument of good intentions.

Could Complete, it—

The engineering department of the Council says it could complete the work in six or eight months from the present time if the existing buildings on the route could be demolished at once.

Nobody seems to know when that will be, at any rate the Council cannot even name an approximate time when the engineers will have a free hand.

At Spring Gardens it was pointed out that the London County Council Improvements Act, 1899, fixes seven years as the period for the completion of the work, which means that the improvements should be finished by August, 1906.

It was further pointed out that, contrary to its usual custom, the Council was not as yet contemplating a Continuing Act and that every effort was being made to avoid doing so.

One of the sufferers by the delay is the Great Northern and Strand underground railway, which, under the Act of 1899, is restrained from working till the completion of the improvement scheme.

More serious still is the enormous loss suffered by the public purse through the failure of the Council to let the cleared areas. Architects and builders are agreed that no large schemes can be carried out until the thoroughfare is opened from Holborn to the Strand.

MELODRAMA AT THE FRONT.

Wearry Russian Soldiers Pass the Time in Mock Warfare.

Moscow, Saturday.—Lieutenant Iljief, of General Stakelberg's force, sends the following amusing account of how the Tsar's soldiers are amusing themselves in the intervals of fighting:—

"During the long delay before Liao-yang our men nearly died—not of hunger or disease, but of the national ailment, shyness. The Commander-in-Chief ordered everything possible to be done to amuse them, and this was what I witnessed at Shanmevo two days before the great fight.

"An open-air stage constructed of discarded pontoon timber. Two battalions of gaping muzhiks around. On the stage a drama worthy of ancient Greece was being acted. A burly Fole, dressed as a 'Russian General'—in private's uniform but with gorgeous imitation stars—and 'General Oyama,' a Finn, the image of a Jap, were engaged in deadly combat.

"Finally 'General Oyama' was wounded, and sank down exclaiming, 'This glorious to be vanquished by such a noble foe.' Thereupon he expired.

"After this followed a battle between six 'Japs' and six Russians 'on the heights of Kinchau.' At last the Japs were reinforced and slew all the Russians save one.

"This hero refused quarter, and proudly wrapping round his breast our national flag distended it, while ten fierce yellow men stuck in their bayonets. It reminded me of Arnold von Winkelried.

"I confess this drama is healthier than the performances of painted ladies which we witnessed at Harbin."

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Sir Henry Samuel, M.P. for Limehouse, is suffering from a severe attack of influenza.

A Wakefield register-overseer has summoned himself in respect of 7s. 4d. non-payment of the education rate.

A proposal that billiards should be allowed on Sundays was lost by 140 votes to 10 at the Penge and Beckenham Liberal Club.

While crossing the line at Southtown Station, Yarmouth, a newsboy, named Cooper, was crushed to death between a train and buffer-stops.

NEW HORNS EVERY YEAR.

There has just been added to the Zoological Gardens a rare specimen of the American pronghorn antelope.

This animal differs from kindred ruminants in that its horns are annually shed from their bony cores, a trait which until 1865 naturalists declared to be impossible.

ILLITERATE SCOTSMAN.

That the standard of education in the Highlands is scarcely satisfactory is shown by the following advice note sent by a Highlander with reference to the dispatch of a pig to market:—

"I am sending you white female 1 pig per Dunra Castle good young pig 6 month old 3 feet 10 inches round Mark 2 Cuts on Back. You will easy kno her, I hope you will get good sell and oblige."

ARTISTS AND THE STRAND.

Signed by the president of the Royal Academy and twenty-seven other distinguished artists and architects, a memorial is to be presented to the L.C.C., urging that the Strand frontage line, now proposed, will have a bad perspective effect.

Hopes are expressed that some amended scheme

Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., is confined to his room at Dublin, owing to a slight attack of influenza.

On the arrival of a train at Crief, from Glasgow, an owl was found perched on the handle of a carriage-door.

For the fourth time Alderman Buckill was yesterday elected Mayor of Oxford. He succeeded the late Mr. T. W. Tophouse.

A number of Hull fishermen have been dispatched to the fishing grounds to relieve skippers and others who have been summoned to give evidence at the Paris inquiry.

CRYSTAL PALACE MOTOR-CAR SHOW.

Nearly the whole of the ground floor space of the Crystal Palace has been let for the Automobile Exhibition, which opens there on the 27th inst.

A special feature will be made this year of the racing car section, while the hill-climbing and non-slipping demonstrations should be of great interest to both motorists and laymen.

WORKING-MEN SHYLOCKS.

The Admiralty has issued peremptory orders for the suppression of money lending by some of the employees to their fellow-workers.

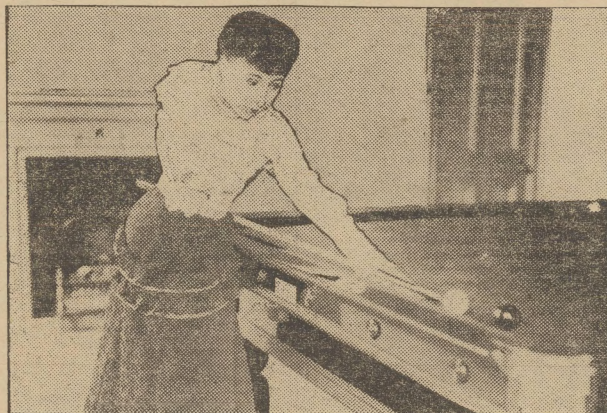
The working-men Shylocks—some of them charged 100 per cent. interest and more—are ordered to give up their licences, and they are to be kept under strict official surveillance for six months.

JAPANESE "BANG-BANGS."

Timid pedestrians have been badly scared at Manchester by the vogue of a novel firework, called Japanese "Bang-Bangs," among streeturchins.

When thrown down among the feet of passers-by

LADY BILLIARD PLAYER.



Miss Fairbrother, who has commenced a series of exhibition billiard matches with Mr. Charles Roberts, brother of Mr. John Roberts, the well-known player, at Thurston's Hall, Leicester-square.

may yet be adopted, and a vigorous protest is made against the height of the buildings already begun, which, it is feared, will overpower the fine churches of St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Dances.

THREE-LEGGED MARE SOLD.

Some amusement was caused at Bradshaw's Repository, Manchester, when a three-legged mare, proudly described as the only one registered in the world, was put up for sale by auction.

"Lataska," as the mare is called, was foaled near Alleghany, Pa., but though certified to have raised three colts perfect in conformation, this "wonder of the age," according to the auctioneer, only fetched seven guineas.

FOX AS RETRIEVER.

Having shot a water-hen on the banks of the Ribble, a West Riding gamekeeper was going to pick up the fowl when he was amazed to see a fox carrying it off.

Reynard was supposed to be one of a number of young foxes which some time ago escaped from confinement at Bolton Hall, Clitheroe, and have since been raiding poultry yards in the neighbourhood.

COLISEUM CHANGES.

Nine new "turns" are included in the Coliseum programme this week.

Mr. R. A. Roberts impersonates all five characters in his sketch "Dick Turpin," effecting the changes in dress and manner with wizard-like rapidity.

There are also a troupe of Japanese acrobats; Harry Lamore, the silent comedian, on a loose wire; Theodor Hugo's "Fata Morgana" transformations; and the "Four Lukens" in an aerial flight act.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal
Photographs in To-day's
"Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

A HEROIC ATTEMPT AT RESCUE.

A splendid act of heroism has been performed by Daniel Day, whose portrait appears on page 1, and that his efforts proved unavailing in no way minimises it.

During the storm which has just swept over England, leaving a track of disaster behind it, a French ketch laden with potatoes was struck by the gale off Shanklin and for some time drifted absolutely at the mercy of the waves.

Her crew managed at last to drop anchor in Steel Bay, Luccombe, about two miles from Shanklin, but, fearing the imminent destruction of their vessel from the huge seas which constantly broke over her, they made an attempt to gain the shore in their dinghy. All went well until they were within 300 yards of the shore, when the small boat capsized, and its occupants were thrown into the sea, one of them finding temporary refuge on a rock.

Then Daniel Day, with a rope round his body, fought his way over the rocks, through the thundering surf, to within a short distance of the spot where the unfortunate Frenchman disappeared. Every moment he was in peril of being dashed into a lifeless mass against the rocks, so great was the force of the waves, but he held on, and it was not until he had satisfied himself that no trace remained of the drowned man that he returned from his perilous mission—fortunately unhurt.

THE ABANDONED NAVAL BASE IN SCOTLAND.

When about two years ago the Admiralty decided to establish a new naval base in the Firth of Forth immense works were projected. Rosyth, with its anchorage of St. Margaret's Hope, which is shown in our picture on page 8, was to be transformed into a northern Portsmouth.

Owing to shortness of money, however, the work was but slowly proceeded with, though some £200,000 or more had been expended before the Government came to the decision it has at length arrived at not to proceed with the conversion of the place into a naval port—for the present, at all events.

103 YEARS OLD.

It is difficult to realise that there is still living in England a man who was born when the last century was only two years old. But Mr. Samuel Kemp, whose portrait appears on page 8, can claim that distinction, for he has just celebrated his 103rd birthday.

The King sent a message congratulating the centenarian on his birthday, and expressing the hope that he might continue in the enjoyment of health. "It's very kind of him," said the old man, when he was informed of the honour done him. "It's just like his mother, whom everybody loved."

ILLNESS OF MISS VIOLA TREE.

It is doubly unfortunate that the demon influenza should have seized upon Mr. Beerboom Tree's clever daughter just now, for she was cast for the part of Hero in the splendid production of "Much Ado About Nothing," announced for Tuesday next at His Majesty's Theatre.

Miss Tree, whose portrait is reproduced on page 9, is still in her teens, but has already made a reputation which many an actress of mature years might envy. She made her first appearance at Edinburgh not long ago, playing Viola in "Twelfth Night," with complete success. Just lately she has been the Ariel in "The Tempest," at His Majesty's. Though somewhat handicapped by her height, for she is one of the tallest actresses on the stage, she realised the fairy being with a great deal of charm.

THE COMING REVIVALISTS.

On page 1 we reproduce the most characteristic portraits that have yet been taken of Dr. Torrey and his companion, Mr. Alexander, the "Moody and Sankey" of the great mission shortly to be held at the Albert Hall. In one of the photographs, which we reproduce by courtesy of the "Christian Age" from their book, "With the Torrey-Alexander Mission Round the World," Mr. Alexander is seen teaching the crowd at one of the big meetings the famous "Glory Song," and in the other he is seen leading the singing, while Dr. Torrey stands by his side waiting until the time shall be ripe for him to speak.

A TARGET FOR ASSASSINS.

A Russian police official needs the proverbial nine lives of a cat. Witness the case of General Tropeff, a creature of the Grand Duke Sergius, and ex-chief of the Moscow police, who has just been the victim of a sixth attempt to take his life. The General, whose portrait will be found on page 1, has been twice stabbed and three times shot at, without counting his latest experience.

On leaving Moscow to take command of a brigade in Manchuria he said: "Since I must be shot at, I prefer to be a target for professional Japanese soldiers than for dirty amateurs in Moscow."

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C. TELEPHONES: 1316 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1905.

A TEN DAYS' HERO!

FOR the best part of a fortnight after Port Arthur's surrender General Stoessel was cried up as one of the greatest warriors the world had ever seen. Now he is being called a coward, a craven, a low-down, lily-livered, unpatriotic scoundrel who ought to be sent to gaol.

All the war correspondents seem to agree that the fortress might have been held for a good deal longer. There were 24,000 men still capable of bearing arms. They had enough horseflesh and flour to last for weeks. There were still strong positions to be taken by the Japanese. Rifle ammunition was plentiful. Reading all this, the kind of man who does his fighting with his mouth promptly declares that General Stoessel did a disgraceful climb-down.

The people who use talk like this are the same people who a little while back were pointing out the wickedness of further resistance. "What sense is there in letting the garrison be pounded out of existence?" they asked. Yet now they are abusing General Stoessel for taking their view!

No doubt he might have postponed the fall of Port Arthur for a few weeks. No doubt he was tempted to do this in order to enhance his own personal reputation. All honour to him that he resisted the temptation. If he had been fighting alone, he would have gone on and fought to a finish. But the commander of a garrison has others to think of.

Far from being a coward, General Stoessel showed the truest bravery when he decided to give up the unequal contest for the sake of his men, and their wives and children far away.

MAKING THEM COMFORTABLE

It is one of the stock boasts of British justice that it holds every man innocent until he has been found guilty. That is a pleasant theory. Unfortunately, it does not square at all with our practice.

This is what a certain Mr. Rogers underwent when he was falsely accused. He has told his story in the King's Bench Division, where he has recovered £500 damages for malicious imprisonment, and where a Judge commented strongly upon the "indignities" inflicted upon him.

First of all, Mr. Rogers was put into a dock at the police court. Now, the very fact of being compelled to go into a dock prejudices a man's case at once. However guiltless you are, it is impossible to look it. The associations are too strong. In America prisoners are never put into the dock until they have been convicted. America sets us a good example; we ought to follow it.

After a formal hearing of the charge against him, the law, in its endeavour to make Mr. Rogers comfortable, pushed him into a prison van with a miscellaneous group of other prisoners and took him to Brixton Gaol. Arrived there, he was stripped, examined, and made to take a bath.

"No great hardship in that," you may say. Not in the mere act of taking a bath, certainly. But think of being compelled to go through the process as one of a long procession of convicts and "remands." Think of seeing the bath used by some thirty of the people who habitually appear in our police courts, and being forced to follow them into it. The very idea makes one's flesh creep.

Compared with this outrage, the smallness of Mr. Rogers's cell, the quality of the brown bread and cocoa, the refusal to let him pay for a special room, and his failure to get the breakfast he ordered, are minor grievances. It is high time to reform them, all the same. So long as remand cases are treated like this it is nonsense to talk about accused persons being regarded as innocent while they are on trial. How could Mr. Rogers have been worse treated even if he had been already convicted before he left the police court?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A man's friendships, like his will, are invalidated by marriage.—*Samuel Butler.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE attack of influenza from which the Chief Secretary for Ireland is suffering is fortunately running its usual course. It is unpleasant, but not serious. Nowhere will more sympathy be felt with him than in Ireland, for Mr. George Wyndham, although he is a successful Chief Secretary, appeals strongly, by his appearance and Irish lineage, to the Irish sense of the picturesque and the romantic, and is really popular across St. George's Channel. He has long been called "the beauty of the House of Commons," with his fine blue eyes, very dark hair, and wonderfully regular features. He need not trouble much about dress and ceremony, for Nature has allowed him to look well in anything. He has

even, it is said, astonished deputations at the Secretary's Lodge by receiving them in cricketing flannels.

When we published the portrait of Miss Ellaline Terriss (Mrs. Seymour Hicks) and her adopted daughter yesterday we did not know that she was already the mother of a little girl of her own. As we were getting the *Daily Mirror* ready for press on Monday night the tiny new-comer made her appearance, and all day yesterday the glad father and mother were receiving cordial congratulations from their many friends. This is their first-born, and very happy the parents are. It is a case of "long-expected come at last," and all the more welcome perhaps for the delay.

Miss Ellaline Terriss has always been a great lover of children, and has taken a great interest in stage-children and their careers. She was almost a child herself when she went on the stage first. She had only played as an amateur in a drawing-room performance of a play called "Cupid's Messenger." The author saw her in it and "made a note of it." When his play was produced at the Haymarket the leading lady fell ill, and the author could only find Miss Terriss to replace her. He telegraphed to her to go down to the theatre at once. She played for a week with great success, and determined from that moment to make the stage her profession.

Lady Edmund Talbot, whose charity ball at the Grafton Galleries came off last night, is one of the most important leaders of the Roman Catholic world in England. She is a daughter of the Earl of Albion and a sister-in-law of the first of English Dukes, the Duke of Norfolk. Her husband, Lord Edmund Talbot, is a brother of the Duke of Norfolk (he changed his name from Howard to Talbot for financial reasons), and up to the present he is still the Duke's heir. Lord and Lady Edmund Talbot have a son themselves, who is at New College, Oxford. Lady Edmund is a very philanthropic person, and does her best to reform the seemingly unreformable sections of our "civilised" London populace.

"The natural and legitimate use of the fist"—that is the method of expressing resentment which Admiral Sir John Dalrymple Hay has been assuring the "Times" is the true British seaman's method. Only the low alien would use a knife. Sir John's approval of the fist as weapon of defence reminds one that he is a "true blue" of the old school, who gained his first promotion just as little Princess Victoria became Queen of England. He has seen any amount of fighting in the Crimean war, in China, in Africa, in Egypt. His record is not only a fighting one. He is a Privy Councillor, a member of Parliament, and an interesting writer.

Naturally, Sir John has seen any number of curious sights in the course of this long career of his. One of his favourite stories is about a narrow escape which the present Duke of Devonshire once had on board the Royal Sovereign. Sir John had determined to test the fighting value of this vessel by having a shot fired at her from some heavy rifled guns. Lord Hartington, as he was then, went down with the party to watch the trial. He took his stand in the gangway just before the shot was fired, and waited.

Fortunately, Sir John had his suspicions of the safety of that position, and he beckoned Lord Hartington over to a kind of shelter close at hand. Lord Hartington had hardly strolled languidly across to it than the first shot glanced off from a cupola above and hurled along the very gangway where he had been standing. It would certainly have killed him. Yet it need hardly be said that the present Duke of Devonshire manifested no emotion whatever. He merely yawned.

Every intelligent playgoer will be delighted to hear that Mr. Tree is making arrangements for M. Coquelin, the great French actor, to appear at His Majesty's Theatre, where he has acted before, and given us all lessons in the art of speaking to perfection. Coquelin can make himself heard, even when he whispers, all over the biggest theatre in the world. Yet, when he started acting, and presented himself as a boy of twenty at the Conservatoire in Paris, his teacher discouraged him from ever attempting the stage. "I see two great obstacles to your ever becoming a good actor," said this false prophet, "your face and your voice."

That face and voice, however, the whole playgoing public has long ago decided to have been simply made for the stage. M. Coquelin has, moreover, a preference for a *traverse* mantle, quite unimitable and incomparable. This manner did not come to him without hard work. At first he used to be very nervous. When he talks of his nervousness now, he always accounts for it by saying that he read newspaper criticisms of his work. These made him horribly self-conscious. First nights were a cause of trembling and fear to him. So he determined to read them no more. The result was an immensely increased confidence. Now he feels as if he were made of steel and fears no audience in the world.

IN MY GARDEN THIS MORNING.

JANUARY 18.—A garden without a rockery is incomplete. We cannot all have massive and intricate structures, but, however humble it is, a home should be found for some of the beautiful rock plants.

A simple way of forming a rockery is to throw down a heap of good soil, distributing large stones or rocks about it irregularly. As a rule, a rockery should be in an open situation, exposed to sun and air.

On it can be grown a selection of low-growing plants. White and purple rock-cress, yellow alyssum, Alpine phloxes, saxifrages, sedums, veronicas, heaths, etc., being among the most fascinating. E. F. T.

THE END OF "SHY LADY'S" ROMANCE?



For months past the world has followed the course of the "agony column" courtship between "Shy Lady" and "Silent Worshipper." Yesterday afternoon everyone knew that they had an appointment at King's Cross. Our artist (who was not there) thus depicts the scene.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Winston Churchill, M.P.

THEY make a good deal of him in political circles, for they are bound to recognise that he is a power, and there is no knowing which way he may jump in his views. Last night he was dined by the Manchester Reform Club, and to-morrow the National Liberal Club will do the same in his honor.

Luckily, these attentions will not spoil him. His belief in himself and his own opinion of his powers cannot be increased by such trifles. He has known for years that, though he is not thirty, yet, he is the equal of any man in the kingdom.

And he really has very good reasons for his belief. He has crammed more into his few years than most men do into a lifetime. He has fought in the Army, he has been a war correspondent, he has written books, and he has created more than one sensation since he got into the House of Commons.

He is very like his father, the brilliant Lord Randolph Churchill, in some things, and very unlike him in others. He has his father's dash and pluck, his nervous energy and fire, his gift of speech, his general power of making his presence felt, even when he is—though it is rare—silent.

It is in personal appearance that he is unlike his father. The only resemblance is in the high, broad forehead. In stature he is a bigger man, well-built, and above the average height, with good, broad shoulders and a look of physical strength.

There is nothing anæmic about him. His clear-cut face is well coloured. His rather full lips are red, his eyes are unmistakably blue, and his hair has an amount of colouring which suggests that it has only just escaped being red.

On the whole he is a good-looking fellow and a clever one; but he is even younger than his years, and he will talk about himself.

THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

Wit from Two Hemispheres.

How did you lose your chauffeur?

I married him.—"Sourire" (French).

Tom: My grandfather must have been a very thin man.

Dick: Why?

Tom: Because he's always referred to as the skeleton in the family closet.—"Detroit Free Press" (American).

Unhappy Tourist: But why should I give a tip to the watchman?

Hotel Proprietor: Why, he kept an eye on you so that you wouldn't slip without paying your bill.—"Schnauffer" (German).

City Niece: Here, auntie, is a photograph showing some of our prominent women at the opera.

Aunt: Goodness! How can women expose themselves in that way?

Niece: Oh, the theatre is kept quite warm, auntie.—"Houston Chronicle" (American).

"I often wish," said the poet, "I had been born rich instead of being a genius."

"I'm not so expensive in my ideas," said the wife. "I should have been content if you had been born with a craving to go out to work."—"Birmingham Dart."

Lawyer (to witness): Never mind what you think; we want facts here. Tell us when you first met this man.

"I'm not so expensive in my ideas," said the wife. "I should have been content if you had been born with a craving to go out to work."—"Boston Bulletin" (American).

TO-NIGHT'S PLAY.



Mrs. Langtry, who will revive "Mrs. Dering's Divorce," by Percy Fendall, at Terry's Theatre this evening.— (Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)

NEW NAVAL BASE.



This photograph of St. Margaret's Hope shows where the new northern naval base was to have been formed in the Firth of Forth. After upwards of £200,000 has been spent on preliminary works the scheme has been for the present postponed. The tops of the cantilevers of the Forth Bridge are shown in the background.

PICTURES FROM ALL PARTS

STRIKING WAR PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE FAR EAST



A pitifully pathetic scene of the battlefield before Port Arthur. This photograph, which was taken during a big engagement before Port Arthur, shows a Russian priest administering the last rites of the Church to a dying soldier, while on his left a doctor

DEATH OF A GRAND DUCHESS.



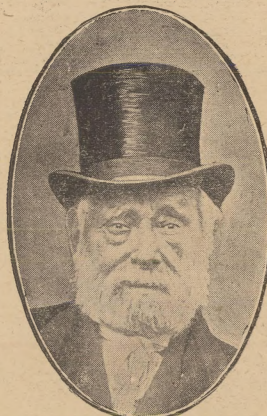
Portrait of the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, whose death was announced yesterday, taken with the Grand Duke.

PASSION PLAY BY

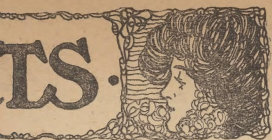


A scene from the passion play which has just been performed at St. Clement's Church, City-road. The part of Christ by Mr. Charles Whiskin, and Our Lady by

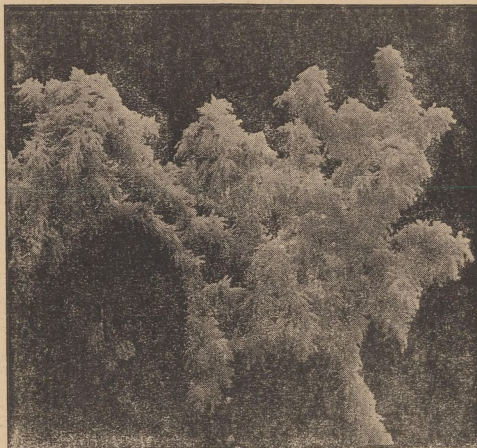
BEXLEY'S CENTENARIAN.



Mr. Samuel Kemp, boot and shoe dealer, of Bexley Heath, who has just attained his 103rd birthday. He received a congratulatory message from the King.



FREAKS OF THE STORM.



Frozen snow crystals, by adhering to the branch and leaves of a rose-tree during the blizzard, produced this magnificent spectacle.

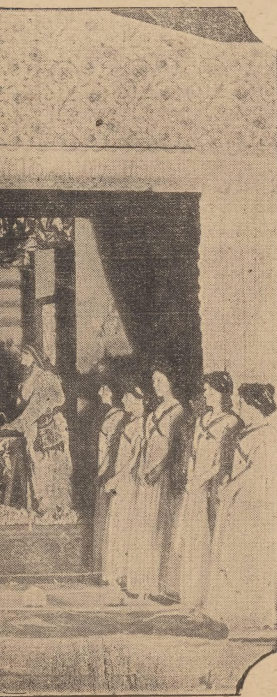


Another picture of the fairyland-like effect of frozen snow clinging to the foliage of a broom plant is shown above.



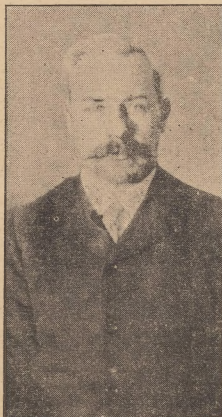
General Nogi's army and the defenders standing by with watch in hand.

ING MEN.



by members of the working men's club
eph was taken by Mr. Gellier, that of
Tracey.—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

NEW G.E.R. STATIONMASTER.



Mr. George Keary, who has just been appointed chief stationmaster at Liverpool-street Station.

MISS VIOLA TREE ILL.



Miss Viola Tree, daughter of Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, who is suffering from a severe attack of influenza, and whose condition is stated to be somewhat serious. — (Lallie Charles.)

THE BLIZZARD AND THE UNEMPLOYED.



Many of London's out-of-works found temporary employment owing to the snowfall, and the borough councils engaged large numbers to clear the streets. Our photograph shows a gang at work on the Embankment.—(Copyright: *Daily Mirror*.)

NOVELS MAKE SPINSTERS.

Women are Not Anxious for Husbands, but Long To Be Wives.

A CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

Pen, Press, and Post Making Friends the Whole World Over.

By JESSIE POPE.

We may philosophise or moralise or satirise as we will, my single sisters, but a wedding-ring is the most coveted possession of a woman's life, and always will be.

Men needn't hug themselves or plume their feathers to hear this confession. It has nothing to do with them at all. They are only the accessories of the game—the useful ladders by which we escape from the low estate of spinsterhood to the vantage ground of matrimony.

"Honour to wives, reproach to old maids," is as much the motto of 1905 as it was in the Garden of Eden. If the honour could be as easily attained by passing an examination as by marrying a husband—then there would be a great many more bachelors. But it cannot, and, therefore, marriage is desired by every woman, and especially by those whose antagonism is loudest.

Thackeray said that every woman could get married if she liked. It is more to the point to say that every woman can get married if she likes to make a business of it.

Marriage is like a crowded train, boarded by a new generation at every stopping-place. The carriages are already full to overflowing, and in the rush and struggle many would-be passengers are left behind on the platform.

IDEAL LIVES ONLY IN DOGS.

Some stand aside, preferring to lose their seats rather than their self-respect; with a feeling of satisfied superiority, they accept the inevitable and set off to walk the rest of the way with quiet courage. The others, half-exhausted by their unavailing efforts, sit discontentedly idle, noting the superior strength of their rivals, while all await the coming of the next train.

The reading of novels by young girls is another important factor in the making of spinsters. Sweet seventeen frequently develops into strenuous seven-and-thirty before she is finally convinced that the hero of her heart will never be found outside the cover of a book. Men in real life, she discovers, are never perfect and rarely handsome, so she must needs take what the gods provide and be thankful. Unfortunately by that time those whom the gods provided a few years back have fixed up their matrimonial arrangements, and the attention of the remainder is exclusively occupied by the rising generation.

The alternative pursuit open to the single woman is the earning of her living. Whether it is desirable that a woman should earn her living depends entirely on the kind of living and the kind of woman. No one will deny that the most suitable position a woman can fill is one entailing short hours and long pay—this is what we are all searching for—but appointments of this nature are usually filled before they are empty.

Anyhow, it is a hard business, and a woman will find she has far more need of good looks and sharp brains in finding a weekly wage than a husband. For the more married women one meets, the more confident one becomes that looks have had little to do with her conquest, and brains less. Husbands seem easily pleased, and wives, too, for that matter.

JESSIE POPE.

INTRODUCTIONS BY LETTER.

One of the letters on the subject of the difficulties of securing introductions has disclosed the existence of a correspondence club.

The letter, which was signed "Optimist," gave the address of the club, and the *Daily Mirror* has made inquiries into its method of working. It proves to be simplicity itself, and its effects far-reaching.

It is called "The Correspondence Club and the English-speaking Link," and, as "Optimist" says, "it has brought about many lasting friendships and not a few happy marriages."

It was founded eight years ago "to give all sorts and conditions of men and women an opportunity to correspond, meet, and converse on a footing of perfect equality, and to afford free interchange of ideas and sentiments between English speakers."

The watchword of the club is camaraderie, and in "Round About," the little monthly magazine of the society, friends greet each other across oceans and continents.

"It is possible," says the "Round About," "to make the personal acquaintance of many men and women by means of the pen, the postman, I can assure you, and from these to select those with whom a more lasting friendship is desired."

Here is the way to do this. The Correspondence Club invites membership at an annual subscription

of 10s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. for the magazine. It then publishes the anonymous "personality" of the new members in the monthly list. In the January "personality" list there are 828 men and women who are anxious to find friends and companions. These correspondents are scattered the world over. Scanning the list at random one sees Russia, South Africa, Norway, Germany, China, and even British Guiana among the addresses of members. Here is a "personality" of a lady member, taken at random:—

B. 534—28; tall—5ft. 8½in.; just an ordinary woman with plenty of faults; home-loving; not very ambitious; good-tempered; interested in most things, and have a keen sense of humour; a great admirer of clever and good people. If any man of the same age, or older, would care to correspond, I shall be glad to hear for friendship's sake.

Again, a gentleman member from across the Atlantic seeks a friend:—

A. 773. Canada—43; unmarried; robust; educated; unprejudiced; optimist; believes that "all's right with the world"; enjoys nature and the masterpieces of literature, and would be immensely pleased to receive and reply to letters from B. members.

At first members correspond with each other anonymously through the medium of Miss N. G. Bacon, Amberley House, Norfolk-street, Strand. But they can at their discretion exchange names, addresses, and references.

OPPOSING OPINIONS OF OUR READERS.

WHAT MEN WANT.

Men can only appreciate two things in a woman—personal beauty and money, and, as a rule, choose only those women for wives who have one or both of these qualifications.

That is why marriage is so often a failure. CLACTON. SATISFIED.

WHAT "STAY-AT-HOME" GIRLS MISS.

It is girls like myself who have always endeavoured to do their duty at home who miss the best part of life. Girls who are fond of gossip and dancing get to know plenty of men and soon



The Single Life
No woman shall ever enter my house"

A post-card reply from a "Daily Mirror" reader to the "Single Life" correspondent who said that no woman should enter his house.

marry, but do they make the best wives? I venture to say they do not.

Girls who are really fitted to make a home and keep it comfortable are the ones who are left in single unbeliefness. E. H. E.

THE "MUSIC-HALL" YOUNG MAN.

Let me compliment "Unmarried" on his idea of a "really sensible girl." He is quite right when he says "stop-at-home girls" are very few and far between.

Unluckily, most men are only attracted by the dightly and frivolous girl. But the "music-hall and club" young man is just as objectionable to a "sensible stop-at-home" girl, as is the flirty girl to the decent sort of young man. CONTENTED. WORCESTER.

A MARRIED MAN'S ADVICE.

Is single life a success? A thousand times no, when a man is in a sufficiently prosperous position and has the chance.

I have been married as long as "Despair"—five years—and would not return to my bachelor days. I treat my wife as myself, and say, "What is good for the goose is good for the gander."

By doing so, too, "Despair" might be as happy as I am. HAPPY MARRIED MAN. Camberwell, S.E.

AMUSEMENTS NOT AMUSING.

At the age of nineteen I am a "stay-at-home" girl, and I have had all the experience I want of balls, dinners, and theatres.

I had three proposals at my first ball from semi-drunk partners, and I then and there vowed never to attend another. As for dinners, I found them more detestable than the ballroom. I can find nothing entertaining in sitting and watching my next-door neighbours silently absorbed in the study of "the meal of the moment."

Walmer. TOO WIDE AWAKE.

DEATH OR TRANCE.

Doctors Find it Hard to Distinguish Between the Dead and the Living.

The terrible story of how an Accrington woman has narrowly escaped from being buried alive reveals no new danger.

It was only while the undertaker was making measurements for the coffin that she showed faint signs of life, but others have gone yet nearer to their graves while still alive, and it is certain that many supposed corpses have revived when too late and suffered the agonies of living interment.

Exhumation is very rare in England, but many coffins which have been opened have shown without doubt that the occupant was alive after the lid was fixed down.

Some years ago a coffin containing the remains of a young wife, who was supposed to have been poisoned by her husband, was exhumed. When the lid was removed the body was no longer lying covered with the grave clothes. They were torn to shreds, and round the fingers of the clenched hands were locks of golden hair, torn out in that last agony.

Such terrible mistakes are luckily rare in England, for in this temperate climate burial does not often take place for two or three days after death.

TWICE IN HER COFFIN.

At the present time there is a woman living in Kensington who has twice been declared dead and only restored to consciousness after she has been laid in her coffin.

Another ghastly case occurred not many years ago at Liverpool. The coffin was actually being lowered into the grave when one of the mourners declared that he saw it move slightly with a motion as of the supposed dead man struggling. He insisted on the coffin being opened, and a living man was released.

Only a short time ago a British sailor was almost buried alive at Mauritius. He had contracted fever, fell into a state of coma, was certified as dead, and removed to the mortuary. The coolie attendants, in preparing him for burial, knocked his head against the slab. The blow broke the spell, and he sat up. Through the whole of the terrible time he had been fully conscious, but unable to move. The great danger lies in the fact that it is impossible to distinguish between a deep trance and death. The signs of death are all negative, and until decomposition actually sets in there is no proof that life no longer exists.

BEGIN OUR NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

Authors of "Chance, the Juggler," "A Widow by Choice," and "Scarlet Lies."

"It is not so hard to sow as to reap."—GOETHE.

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

Vanna Tempest could not live without the luxury, gaiety, and finery which had been hers in the days before the financial smash which drove her husband to live in a country cottage on the remnants of their fortune. Dick Tempest had speculated and had failed, but he was resigned; the woman chafed in the thralls, and her nature was spiling.

In despair, Dick Tempest, the kindest and best of souls, resolved to risk the remains of his fortune in one more speculation under the guidance of his friend, Anthony Heron. Luck was with him for a time. In a few days he netted the sum of £800. With characteristic generosity he put the cheque into Vanna's hands, saying, "Go to London and have a good time. Look up your women friends, and I will write to Heron and ask him to look after you. Tony Heron is just the man to give you a real good time. You have never met him; but I know you'll like him, and I shall be quite certain you're enjoying yourself if I ask him to look after you."

She went, and lived in a world of gaiety—at first. Then the society of Tony Heron was enough in short, by a terrible irony, her husband's unselfish sacrifice had thrown her into the arms of another man. She loved Tony Heron—and she must go back home. The return was to her a tragedy.

Her husband, all unsuspecting, was delighted at the change in her; but Vanna was a stranger in her own home. In vain she struggled against temptation, but soon she was meeting her lover by stealth for an hour or two at a time, drifting into danger. Suddenly, by the merest chance, Dick Tempest learns the truth from a dropped letter, but hides his knowledge feverishly.

At last the woman goes to London, deceiving her husband, and finds that the man is not so enthusiastic as he was. She returns to her home. Anthony Heron, buying her an evening paper as he sees her off at the station, quite unconscious of the fact that it contains the announcement of the suicide of Richard Tempest, her husband.

CHAPTER X.

It is a good thing that we cannot realise what state of mind a man must be in before he takes his life.

Vanna leaned back in a corner of the carriage and dreamed. She had got into the habit of dream-

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING TO-DAY.

A Decrepit Youth.

The Russian Empire has in modern times often been masquerading as a youthful giant. In point of fact it is an old, rotten despotism.—Mr. Karl Blind, in the "Fortnightly Review."

The Cult of the Ugly.

If a man put a noxious pigsty under the windows of your house you would prosecute him as a nuisance; and when an artist paints people and things only fit to be housed in a pigsty he ought to be suppressed.—"The Studio."

Willing Slaves.

We learn from Zanzibar and Pemba that slaves are very slow to take advantage of the regulations that give them the right to claim their freedom. They realise that, so long as they are well used, their position is superior to that of the man whose freedom is his sole asset.—"Sketch."

Our Unrivalled Cities.

Nowhere else in the world are there such towns as ours. We stand alone in making health and happiness impossible, by allowing streets to be so narrow, houses to be so crowded together, and the air to be so impure that vegetation cannot exist, that pleasant exercise cannot be taken, that there is nothing to give cheerfulness of thought or feeling.—"National Service Journal."

American Amusements.

At a conservative estimate 5,000,000 dollars annually finds its way out of the public's pockets into the box-offices of the leading American theatres, exclusive, of course, of the opera house. This vast expenditure is entirely brought about by the public's craving to be amused.—"New York Tribune."

Uses of Liquid Air.

What is the practical use of liquid air? What is its commercial value? The answer is very simple. If no other result had been obtained than the dry air and ammonia process of refrigeration, by which meat is preserved almost fresh and carried round the world, and ice is manufactured even in the tropics, it would have been a very valuable discovery.—Dr. Maxim Boyd in the "London Magazine."

ing when she was alone. There were only two things in her life now—dreams and longing. She had only just left Anthony Heron, and already her whole being was aching with the frenzied desire to see him again.

She would have given anything if, when she had leaned out of the carriage window and waved to him, he had beckoned to her; she would have jumped out of the train, pulled the communication-cord—anything to be with him again, not to have to leave him.

But he had not beckoned, and she was going away from him, back to her empty home, back to the awful, dreary pretence that she had left yesterday she must escape from or go mad.

To-day her dreams were restless; a sense of shame mingled with them. For the first time, in this blind passion of her maturity, she stopped to think.

There had been something disquieting about this visit, something that made her nervous, something that jarred. She had come for two days, because she could not live any longer without seeing Anthony Heron. She had been with him; he had been all that she ever was—and yet she was going back of her own free will, twenty-four hours before her husband expected her.

Why? She did not know. That was a lie; she did know. Because there had been a false note. Why not face it? She was not made for lies, for intrigue, for hiding herself.

It used to be so different. When she had been in London before she had had an established position. Tony had been seen with her openly, had introduced her to his friends; and when she met him secretly in the country there had been the excitement of motoring, the exhilaration, the madness of the swift motion.

But this time there had been a stealth about their movements, a feeling of hiding, a sordid question of money, too, because Tony knew that she could not afford the Savoy; and, finally, that meeting at Hinchhead with the young Duke of St. Peters, who, Tony said, was the biggest gossip in London.

Vanna shivered as she remembered it all. She was not made for it. She was the sort of woman who was proudly, exultingly knowing that she will burn in hell for ever.

And yet it was all that she would ever have—lies, deceit, stolen meetings; brief moments of perilous joy, and long ages of loneliness.

(Continued on page 11.)

"WEE FREES" AND U.P.S.

Meaning of the Scottish Church
Crisis Plainly Set Forth.

A STRIKING PARALLEL.

By the Rev. CHARLES ANDERSON SCOTT, M.A., of
the Allen-st. Kensington, Presbyterian Church.

Few people understand clearly the quarrel between the two branches of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, which is being investigated by the Royal Commission now sitting in Edinburgh. In this article, one of the best-known Presbyterian ministers in London makes the points at issue perfectly plain.

The easiest way for an Englishman who knows nothing about Scottish ecclesiastical affairs to appreciate what has happened there is for him to suppose that the followers of Mr. John Kensis had raised an action against the clergy of the Church of England and another against the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to have it declared that they and those who adhered to them were alone faithful to the doctrines of that Church, and ought to have entire control of its property and endowments.

It is as if these people had been declared the only true representatives of the Church and the owners of all its buildings, churches, vicarages, colleges, and of all its capital funds, and were now proceeding to use the vast funds and to occupy the buildings to the exclusion of those who have till now been worshipping and working in them.

The parallel is a fair and almost an exact one. What the followers of Mr. Kensis stand for in England is, *mutatis mutandis*, what the "Wee Frees" stand for in Scotland. They represent the doctrine, forms of worship, and ecclesiastical temper of the early part of last century. No organs, no hymns, no toleration of any kind for the results of science or criticism, or for any but the narrowest and most obscurantist view of the Bible and inspiration.

Their standpoint in every point of view is a century out of date.

It is hardly necessary to recall how the disaster came about. Its proximate cause was the union

effected in 1900 between two churches, the Free and the United Presbyterian, which were so much alike in doctrine, worship, and polity that no Englishman could ever know the difference.

The union was an act of conscience. It was accomplished in the constitutional way. Three or four years were occupied in ascertaining the mind of the Church, throughout its local Presbyteries and Synods. That mind was overwhelmingly in favour of the union, and finally the decisive vote was taken by a majority of over 600 votes (of ministers and laymen) against twenty-seven.

That there was a minority at all was due to a melancholy *contemptus*. It is understood that the day before (when one of the leaders of the minority paid a most handsome tribute to the way in which they had been treated by the majority, and specially by Principal Rainy) an arrangement was come to by which technical opposition would cease. But during the night one man, whose congregation was divided on the subject, lost courage, and to the amazement of the leaders of the negotiations,

"MRS. DERING'S DIVORCE."



Mr. Leonard Boyne, who is playing Captain Dering in "Mrs. Dering's Divorce," which Mrs. Langtry is reviving at Terry's Theatre to-night.

when the crucial moment came, led his followers into the opposition lobby, and then entered a formal protest against the union.

Sympathy with the United Free Church has been to some extent checked by the allegation that in the four years' interval between the union and the decision of the House of Lords they treated the minority with harshness. Whatever colourable reason there might be for this, it must be remembered that on the day of the union the minority appealed to Caesar, and one immediate result was that intercourse between the two parties from that moment fell almost entirely into the hands of the respective lawyers.

ALLEGATIONS OF HARSHNESS.

All who have been clients know how hopeless it is after that stage has been reached to get leave to introduce any other than legal considerations. Lawyers' letters are not usually couched in terms of Christian friendliness and sympathy. And it may well be that there was ground for not unreasonable irritation in the way in which certain reasonable and necessary things were done. But beyond that the allegation of harshness is without foundation. The United Free Church may indeed claim to have treated the minority with considerable generosity.

The minority contended that in uniting with the other Church the Free Church had departed from its original principles, and so ceased to be the Free Church at all.

There was, however, a matter of a very material kind which should have been brought before the House of Lords, but was not. That was the available evidence as to the intention of the donors by whom the last twenty or thirty years fully half the property in question has been given to the Church. With few or no exceptions, these donors were prepared to state that they were heartily in favour of the union, and regarded with dismay the passing of their benefactions into the hands of the "legal Free Church." This is a part of the case which will specially occupy the attention of the Commission appointed by the Government. It must be hoped that they will be able to arrange a scheme for the distribution of the property which will be in accordance with the equities of the case.

CHANCE FOR CONNOISSEURS.

Collectors of paintings will have a rare opportunity of securing good pictures at low prices at Christie's on Saturday, when 3,000 works by the late Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., the well-known marine and landscape artist, will be put up to auction.

Mr. Hayes's "Sunset at Sea," at the Tate Gallery, was purchased by the Chantry trustees in 1894 for £175.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

She saw no end to it. Like all beings who love and suffer, she thought her love and her suffering would be eternal. It was no passing fancy of a sensual, pleasure-loving nature. It was the passion of a lifetime. It was the finding of the man who was meant to be her mate; and she had found him too late.

It was hideously cruel. How could she bear it through the long years—this terrible, consuming love, that fed on absence, that left her no thoughts, no interests, no separate existence? No, she was not like other women; perhaps she was not so wise or prudent as other women. But she knew how to give. She had kept nothing back. She had flung everything at his feet lavishly, slavishly; all the things by which wiser women keep men in chains. She did not mind his knowing how utterly dependent she was on him. She gloried in it. She felt that he knew now that the world was all dark because she had left him, that he would never be out of her thoughts for one single second until she walked into Boddington in the morning to fetch the letter that he had promised to write, to read it with tears and kisses in the silence of the leafless woods, and to carry it close to her heart all day.

The train sped, and she put out her hand and took up the papers that Tony had bought her. She glanced at the front page of the "Westminster Gazette." The leader was about the strife in the Scotch Churches. It looked dry and uninteresting. She did not care what happened in the world. She put the paper down and took up the "Sketch." The pictures did not attract her attention in her face. She was an eternal subject. There were some lovely views of the Riviera, and she pictured herself there with Tony, and glowed with happiness. Then she heard "Boddington" sung out in the porter's droning voice, and awoke to reality.

She was the only passenger to alight. It was a tiny station, very badly lighted, and the porter, who took her bag, flushed a lantern in her face. When he recognised her, he gave a gasp, and, instead of carrying her bag outside, put it down on the platform and hurried off to the station-master's room.

"Isn't there a cab, George?" she called after him. "Never mind, I'll walk."

The porter came back with the station-master, haggard, white, and terribly grave. As they approached her, she knew that something had happened.

"What is the matter?" she cried shrilly.

"Oh, Mrs. Tempest—ma'am—" faltered the station-master. "No one knew where you was. They couldn't send for you."

"Send for me! Why? What for?"

"Ma'am, haven't you been in London? Haven't you heard?"

"What? Speak, man, speak!"

But the station-master could not tell her with his lips, although his face was eloquent.

"My husband," she said in a strange, quiet voice. Then she turned and walked out of the station.

There were two strange men outside Rosemary Cottage, one of them in policeman's uniform, with a peaked cap. They saluted her with grave respect. When she entered the house, Brixton rushed at her wildly, with a distraught face and a terribly disordered appearance.

"Oh, ma'am, I thought you was never coming!" she moaned. "I didn't know your address—or nothing! I nearly went off my head—here all by myself!"

"Where is he?" interrupted Vanna, quietly. There was no doubt now in her mind.

"In his room, ma'am. They carried him up—the doctor and the police."

"I will go up. Don't worry me!" said Vanna.

They had laid Dick Tempest on the bed in his room—his room and hers. They had covered him with a sheet; underneath his body was sharply defined, straight and rigid.

He was dead. No one had told her, but she knew. He had killed himself.

She shut the door carefully and walked over to the bed. Without hesitation she lifted the sheet from his face. It was unrecognisable; it bore no resemblance to a human being. She was glad. She felt that she could not have gazed on Dick, dead and peaceful, with a smile on his lips. This did not look like Dick; it would not haunt her. The brutal hideousness of the shattered clay seemed to nerve her.

She replaced the sheet and went out of the room. She called Brixton, and stood on the tiny landing while the maid stumbled up the stairs.

"When did it happen?" she asked.

"I found him this morning, ma'am, when I went in to light the fire in the study. He was sitting in his chair. The doctor said he had been dead hours."

"I see," said Vanna. Her voice sounded absent. "And you couldn't send for me—of course, I left no address, did I?"

"I telegraphed for Miss Joan, ma'am. The doctor said I ought to."

Vanna started. It was like hearing a stranger's name. Her daughter, the daughter to whom she had not given a thought for months, the daughter who had worshipped her father, the daughter who would love her mother, if it stayed.

She said no more. She went into the drawing-room and looked herself in. There was no fire; everything had been forgotten. There was much to be done, but the men outside dared not disturb her just then.

She sat down. She was conscious of no physical sensations, but her mind was very clear.

Dick had killed himself. He had killed himself while she lay in bed in the Savoy, dreaming of

Anthony Heron. He had lain stark and cold, while she dressed this morning for her motor-ride.

She understood now, she knew what the change in him had meant. She understood why he had grown more silent every day, why he had had no more interest in the garden or the bees. He had been dying all the time; making up his mind to die, which is the same thing. He had not really killed himself. She had killed him.

He had found out something. He knew that she loved another man. He must have known, he would never have taken his life for a suspicion.

How had he found out? Had someone seen them in the motor and told him? Had he followed her and seen with his own eyes? She did not know: it did not matter. He had found out that he was in the way, and he had quietly got out of it. It was so like Dick, it was just exactly what one might expect of him, if one had thought about it at all.

He had said nothing—that was his way. He had just broken his heart in silence, and died. He had made no fuss. She did not suppose he had even left a word behind him.

She rose and unlocked the door and passed out of the room into his little study, where he worked, where he had sat in the winter, wrapped in a dressing-gown to save the coals, where he had died with God knew what agony in his heart.

She found that tape had been stretched over everything, and seals placed here and there. She remembered having read of such formalities in sensational novels.

She walked over to the writing-table where his pen lay untouched, some of them drenched with his blood. There was no letter, no message, no sign.

She looked round the room. It was just the same as usual; her photograph and Joan's were on the mantelpiece, on the door hung the warm, plaid dressing-gown. As she went out she stretched out her arms and passed her hands over the shabby garment with the texture of one who is blind. An awful voiceless cry burst from her, the first coherent expression of her state of mind.

"Oh, God, why was I ever born?"

Outside she met the officer in the peaked cap.

"Might I speak to you for a moment, madam?" he asked respectfully. "I wish to spare you as far as possible to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" she repeated vaguely.

"Ah, yes! What is it that you want to know?"

"If you can throw any light on the matter, madam. If you know of any possible motive your husband could have had for taking his life."

"None," she answered.

"You parted from him as usual? Forgive me, madam, but nothing has ever puzzled us so much."

"Yes," she said. "I went to London for a couple of days—on business. I came back sooner than I meant to, because I had finished. Yes, we

(Continued on page 13.)

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HANDKERCHIEF MASSAGE.

HOW TO OBTAIN FAIR COMPLEXIONS WITHOUT ANY COST.

A new form of facial treatment which has very good effects is called handkerchief massage, and a great point in its favour is that it does not require the services of a trained assistant. Every woman may be her own masseuse, and all the parapher-

the passage of the soft linen across the face, and that in a very few minutes the cream will be found to have been completely absorbed into the skin, leaving the surface soft and smooth.

Hollow cheeks are the bane of so many women, and no facial defect usually responds more slowly to treatment than this, unless it is due to a lack of teeth, a trouble the dentist can remove. But after handkerchief massage beneficial results are noticeable in a very short time. It must always be remembered that the most marked manipulations of the muscles of the face should always be upwards; consequently, with the handkerchief held as be-

keep the chin well covered with cold cream in the meantime. The neck shows signs of wear and tear even more quickly than the face, but there also the handkerchief will be an aid.

In order to tighten up the skin, tone the muscles, preserve and induce rounded contours, what are known as tapping movements are invaluable. These should complete the beautifying process. Knot the ends of the handkerchief, hold it between the fingers and gently flick the forehead, face, and neck all over. While doing the cheek smile broadly in order to make the muscles hard.

Conclude the treatment by gently wiping every trace of grease off the face, giving it a slight dust

DISHES AND CONDIMENTS.

Roast goose with apple sauce.
Boiled fish with parsley sauce.
Boiled mutton with caper sauce.
Roast mutton with currant jelly.
Roast hare with red currant jelly.
Venison or wild duck with black currant jelly.
Fresh salmon with cucumber and cream sauce.
Roast partridge with breadcrumbs and bread sauce.
Roast beef should be served with grated horseradish.



This picture is devoted to the delineation of three smart corsages for day and evening wear, to be materialised in flannel, cloth, and lace and velvet.

nal required is a soft linen handkerchief folded diagonally into a space about two inches wide. Knot the ends lightly in order to keep the kerchief from unfolding and also as a convenient means of using it, in the way here to be explained.

A good massage cream is essential, and it should be rubbed into the skin well with the finger-tips after the face has been thoroughly cleansed with warm water. Take the handkerchief, holding the ends lightly between the thumb and first finger, and draw it quickly and firmly twenty times to and fro across the forehead, first one way and then the other. This is for the purpose of eradicating the disfiguring vertical lines between the brows.

Women who have tried this new facial treatment say that there is something very soothing about

fore, between the thumb and fingers diagonally across the cheek, the upward movement should be firm, the downward one very gentle. It is the province of the firm upward movement to improve the contour of the face, while the downward one bestows upon it a gentle friction.

Lines of Cleverness.

Those ugly horizontal lines that appear between the eyebrows or just across the bridge of the nose, and that are supposed to indicate great cleverness, may be treated by a different movement—an up and down one, rather than one across. A double chin to most women is a very great disfigurement, but let every woman take hope, for the handkerchief massage will cure or prevent it. Draw the handkerchief to and fro briskly twenty or thirty times twice or three times a day, always doing it first up one side and then up the other. Exert as much pressure as possible and

over with powder, and finally polishing it with a piece of chamois leather to remove all traces of gloss.

In view of the extraordinary increase in the popularity of piano-players during the past few years, it is particularly interesting to note that recent enterprise has brought the price within the reach of everyone, whereas until lately a very reliable piano-player would cost about fifty or sixty guineas.

An offer made recently through these columns by one of the leading firms of manufacturers marked an entirely new departure in that they offer their Minerva piano-player at the extraordinary low price of twenty-five guineas, besides an additional bonus in the shape of free rolls of music, with a novel and ingenious system of exchange.

This offer is announced as closing to-day by Messrs. J. G. Murdoch and Co.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 11.)

parted as usual." She remembered now the look Dick had given her when she said good-bye to him, the long, long, tender look, and the fond, indulgent note in his voice, as he said: "Good-bye, dear. Take care of yourself, and have a good time." "Did he leave nothing?" she asked the inspector. "No letter? No message?"

"We found nothing, madam. Then you are ignorant of any motive?"

"He worked very hard," she said, with a strange, absent calm. Then she seemed to forget the man's presence, and walked back to the drawing-room and locked herself in again.

He had left nothing. She would never know, all her life long, what he had known. She supposed he had not wanted her to know. He had done the thing thoroughly.

So Dick had died. Ah if she could only feel something—anything, remorse, misery, shame! Anything but this frozen, empty nothingness. The only thing that she could feel was what Dick had felt, as he sat alone in his study in the night preparing to die; and that was so maddening that she dare not think of it.

She sat on and on in the cold drawing-room. They knocked at the door, but she called to them to go away. Brixton implored her with sobs to take some food, but she refused, and then the distracted woman cried that she was deadly afraid to be alone; but Vanna took no notice.

As the night fell a blessed physical weariness overcame her. She slipped gradually from the chair to the ground, and stretched out on the carpet, she slept.

A thundering knock at the door awoke her: she did not know what time it was. A cold grey light was filtering into the room through the uncurtained windows.

Vanna struggled to her feet. Her limbs were like lead. She passed her hands wearily over her stiff features. A voice, hoarse and dreadful, called:

"Mother, mother, let me in!"

Vanna moved slowly towards the door and unlocked it. Joan stood outside, her face swollen and blotched with violent weeping, her clothes looking as if they had been hurriedly thrown on.

She gave one wild look at her mother, at the ghastly beautiful face, the haunted eyes, the slim, elegant form still clad in the hat and coat in which she had come home yesterday, the hat all awry, the coat and skirt all creased and twisted;

then she flung herself bodily on her mother, so that Vanna reeled and staggered.

"Mother!" cried Joan in that awful hoarse voice. "It isn't true! Say it isn't true!"

"You have heard," said Vanna dully. "What have you heard?"

"Yes, I have heard. One of the girls at school came shouting at me in the garden, 'Your father has shot himself!' She was one of the kids—she didn't know what she was saying; she had overheard it. Miss Grant read it in the newspaper. And then the telegram came: 'Come home at once.' Mother, say it isn't true!"

Vanna had moved away. She leaned against the wall.

"It's true," she said dully. She looked at the girl, her own daughter, who seemed a stranger, and saw all the untamed violence of her grief, and envied her.

"Mother, mother!" cried the girl. "Why did he do it? Couldn't you have helped it? Why did you let him? Why did you let him?"

To Vanna, the tear-distorted face was like that of an avenging angel. Her judge had come to task her to render her account.

"Mother," Joan went on fiercely, wild with misery, "I believe it was your fault. It was your fault!"

The girl did not know what she was saying. Her father had been everything in the world to her; her passionate child's heart was wounded to death. But to Vanna the voice of her child was as the accusing voice of God reading her heart; and she had no answer.

Everything swam round her; the darkness closed in. She fell on her face to the ground, and lay as one dead.

(To be continued.)

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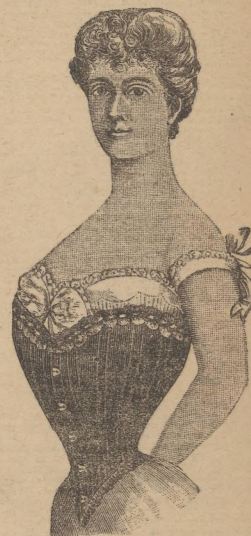


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Eczema, Chilblains, Acne, Chaps, Boils and all Skin troubles are cured by 'Antexema'



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Before and After Use.

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Mrs. E. R. writes: "Antexema" is the best remedy for chapped hands or chilblains. I sent you a bottle, and after using it a few times, am glad to say it cured them, when all others failed."



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Mr. W. H. H. writes: "I am happy to say that I am now perfectly free of Eczema. 'Antexema' has done for me in ten days what the Skin Hospital failed to do in seven months."



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Thousands of letters testifying to the value of "Antexema" can be seen at our offices. The one regret expressed by the writers is that they did not know of "Antexema" sooner. "Antexema" will cure any skin complaint. Its benefits are immediately felt. Read the booklet "Skin Troubles," copy enclosed with every bottle. "Antexema" is supplied by Chemists and Stores at 1/4 and 2/6, or can be obtained direct post free in plain wrapper for 1/8. It should be in every home. Any sufferer not absolutely convinced of the value of "Antexema" should send stamped envelope naming DAILY MIRROR for free trial, a valuable treatise on Eczema and letters from persons who have been cured. Address: **ANTEXEMA**, 83 Castle Rd. London, N.W.



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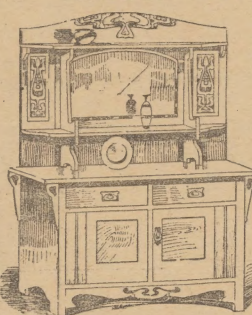
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Printed and Published by THE HISTORICAL NEWSPAPER CO.
 LTD., at 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.—Wednesday, January 11,
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